Christian Register.

AND WHY EVEN OF YOURSELVES JUDGE YE NOT WHAT IS RIGHT?——LUKE XII. 57.

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MISCELLANY.

MR REED.....You would gratify a friend by giving the following lines a place in your paper.

From the N. E. Galaxy.

THE SLEEPING INFANT BOY.

A cherub boy
Of days enough to lisp in broken words,
Which were all music to a mother's ear,
Was fallen asleep. Within a few short hours,
The infant boy had sported at the foot
Of his young mother, clambered up her knee,
And clasped her neck within his baby arms,
And in her bosom buried up his face—
And once from that dear pillow did he lift
His eye to her's, as if to catch the soul
Of tenderness that beamed there for her child.
And when he saw her deep delight, he sighed
Then smiled, and in his childish sportive mood
He buried up his face again. I went,
With the broad human current to the spot,
Where now he lay all still and motionless—
He was asleep. His lip was gently curled
And had a doubtful impress in its form,
Which made you hesitate to tell, in truth,
If it was joy or grief that made him wear
It thus. It was that form of lip that oft
Was seen, when he had struggled up to kiss
The cheek of her that bare him, in the way
Of kind atonement for some past offence—
His eye was just half closed—the weary lid
Had fallen thus far, and he seemed to sleep
As conscious of his state, ready to wake,
When his pure spirit should be well refreshed,
To all his baby sports—calmly he lay
Wrapt in his lucid dress, whose whiteness well
Accorded with the paleness of his cheek,
And but for this, the fear that he would wake
No more, had scarcely crossed the mind of one
Who looked upon his features—but alas!
They laid him in a narrow building, made [thought
For the dead—twas near, and one might e'en have
That 'twas his cradle, but that it was close,
And tho' in miniature, it yet was shaped
As men's last dwelling houses always are—
It was his coffin.—There was a coldness
On his brow—that met the lip maternal
Prest full often there, which spoke of death—
Still as she gazed upon his state
Of mortal loveliness, she almost saw
His little bosom heave, and half expected
He would wake to lisp the name of mother:
And a strange shuddering ran thro' all her frame
As they closed up the lid above his face
And shut him from her sight forever!

I saw them lay him in his infant grave
And lightly did they cast the dust of earth
Upon his coffin, lest the sound should break
The breathless rest of the calm slumbering boy!

MR REED.....I have just read a sermon lately delivered by Rev Mr Kendall of Plymouth, before an association of ministers at Quincy, from the celebrated text, 1. Tim. iii. 16, "Great is the mystery of godliness," &c. The discourse is very ingenious, and gives a clear and consistent explanation of this difficult passage. The writer discovers great candour; and in treating of the subject, refers to several other texts of scripture, which happily serve to explain the one which it was his purpose to illustrate. In perusing this sermon, it occured to me, that it affords a satisfactory solution to some texts, which the Editor of the Telegraph has lately adduced as teaching the orthodox doctrine of the trinity. The biblical critic may not find any thing new in the discourse; but even he would be pleased with the natural and rational views of the writer, in reference to this passage; and common christians, who sometimes feel perplexed by texts, which they do not clearly understand, cannot fail to derive much satisfation by the perusal. Perhaps, a new and cheap edition of the sermon might be of great benefit to this class of readers. B.

The following extracts from the sermon here alluded to will confirm the opinion expressed of it.

"Without controversy great is the mystery of Godliness." What, then, are we to understand, in the scriptural sense of the term, by mystery? By adverting to other passages of scripture, where the apostle makes use of the same word, it is evident that we are to understand by it, not a doctrine, which, after it is revealed, is unintelligible and incomprehensible, much less self-contradictory; but truths or doctrines, that had long been a secret in the divine mind, or concealed under types and shadows and symbols, as in former dispensations; but were brought to light and made manifest by the revelation of Jesus Christ. So long as the subject lay hid in the bosom of God, it was, with respect to mankind a secret or mystery. But, when the discovery of it was made, the mystery ceased; and revelation and the proclamation of it took the place of, and succeeded to the mistery. In this sense the whole christian dispensation was once a secret with God, known to him, and to him alone from the foundation of the world. This mystery began to be unfolded "at sundry times and in divers manners" under former dispensations. But it was reserved for the Son of God, "in the fulness of time," to bring it to light and make it manifest.—After the advent of the Messiah, it was clearly revealed, and began to be published to the world. Of course it was no longer a secret; but what had been mystery was now become revelation, and was to be made known unto all men.

This construction is so obvious, that the most enlightened and able commentators have adopted it, and rendered their expositions of the above passages conformable to it. The celebrated Dr. Macknight paraphrases the text now under consideration in the following words. "Confessedly most important is the doctrine of the gospel—namely, that to save sinners by his death, the Son of God was manifested in the flesh; was justified through the Spirit, who raised him from the dead, was after his resurrection seen of the apostles, his messengers; was preached unto the Gentiles as their Saviour; was believed on in many parts of the world; was taken up into heaven in a glorious manner." And Dr. Campbell, to whom the christian world is much indebted for the right understanding of many terms, used by the sacred writers, observes on the same text; "The purport of the sentence plainly is, Great unquestionably is the divine secret, of which our religion brings the discovery: God was manifest in the flesh &c."—I avail myself of the authority of these two eminent expositors, because they never had the misfortune, that I have heard of, to fall under the charge of heresy.

I pass to the consideration of another branch of the text. "God was manifest in the flesh." Every christian, who reads this passage in its connexion, has no doubt, that the apostle has reference to the character and mission of our Lord Jesus Christ, that divine and glorious Personage, whom the Father sanctified and sent into the world to enlighten and save the world. This was the testimony of all the apostles. He was the perfect representative of the Father, his own beloved Son in a sense in which no other being ever was—"The brightness of his glory and the express image of his person"—Yes, "the" visible "image of the invisible God." In him and by him we see and know the mind and will and purpose of the Father concerning the guilty race of man. He made the fullest discovery, the clearest and brightest visible manifestation, that ever had been made, of the invisible Jehovah. The evangelist illustrates the passage under consideration, when he says, "No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

Let it be noticed, that it is not said in the text, God was made flesh; but that he was manifest in the flesh.

Our Lord tells the Jews, they had not heard the voice of the Father at any time, nor seen his shape. It was only by beholding his image, stamped with his own hand upon his beloved Son, that they could see and know the only true God, who by pre-eminence is styled "a Spirit," and cannot be visible to mortal sight. With this distinction between the supreme God, the Father of all, who was manifested, and Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, who declared and made him manifest, there is the most perfect harmony between this and the other branches of the text. It involves no difficulty, no obscurity, no contradiction. All is clear, consistent, and intelligible.—We see how Jesus Christ, the Son and Messenger of the Most High God, was justified by the spirit, which had been given him by the Father without measure. He had been accused by the Jews of blasphemy, because he said that God was his Father. Notwithstanding they were obliged to confess, that never man spake like him. He showed how groundless was this charge by his miracles, which they acknowledged, that no man could do, except God were with him. Above all, was he justified by the spirit and power of God, who raised him from the dead, and by his resurrection proved him to be the Son of God with power. It was this same Jesus, whom the apostles and embassadors of Christ heared, after he was risen, whom their eyes saw, whom they looked upon, and their hands handled as the word of life. It was he, who was preached unto the Gentiles, that he was the Christ, the Son of God, and that the Father sent him to be the Saviour of the world. It was this same Jesus, who was believed on in the world, even in the age of the apostles, among many nations. And, when he had commissioned his disciples to go out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, and pronounced his benediction upon them, he was received up into glory, even as he had said: "I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God."

I might here avail myself of the authority of some of the most learned and able commentators, who have proved very satisfactorily, that the sentence under consideration is not correctly translated; that it is not the original reading of the text; but that according to the oldest versions of the New Testament, and several of the most ancient manuscripts, instead of the words, "God was manifest in the flesh," the rendering should have been, "which, or he who, was manifest in the flesh."* But I have chosen rather to take the passage as it is found in the common translation, because, whether it be the original reading or not, I am satisfied it is capable of an illustration that accords with the other branches of the text, and that the apostle is speaking throughout, not of the supreme God and Father of all; but of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, the image, the representation, the brightest manifestation of the invisible Jehovah. This I believe to be the truth, which he taught, and which he designed others, who might come after him, should teach. It is the faith once delivered to the saints, and for which we ought earnestly to contend.

* Sir Isaac Newton, whose mind was never satisfied with doubtful testimony on any subject, after a critical and minute inquiry into the original reading of this text, has stated as an historical fact, that "all the churches for the first four or five hundred years, and the authors of all the ancient versions, read," 'Great is the mystery of godliness *which* was manifested in the flesh;' making the Greek article, answering to the English relative pronoun *which* refer to *mystery*, and interpreting it of Christ, the Son of God. That during the Arian controversy about this time, which was conducted with great warmth and zeal, when every passage that had any bearing upon the subject was industriously cited, this text was never referred to. His inference is, and a very natural and just one, that "the churches of those ages were absolute strangers to the reading," as it is found in the common translation. He has even told us when, by whom, and for what purpose the alteration in the original text was first made; and that the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, Macedonius, who in the beginning of the sixth century began to change the original reading, was banished by the Emperor, Anastasius, on the ground of having corrupted the sacred text. The result of Sir Isaac Newton's inquiry was, that some of the most ancient Greek manuscripts read, "Which, or He who;" but that no Latin ones, either ancient or modern, that he could hear of, authorized the reading in the common translation, "God was manifest in the flesh." &c.*

* See his historical account of two corruptions of scripture, republished in Sparks' Collections, No IV.

GOD THE FATHER OF ALL.

Philanthropy may be regarded as having dawned upon the world in the instructions of Jesus of Nazareth. He made a common principle of what before was only occasional sentiment. He bound men to each others hearts in spite of national and religious diversities, by a common origin, a common nature, and a common relation to the one God, their Almighty Father. That Father he imitated by feeling and inculcating universal love to man. One of these principles has become a distinguished tenet of Unitarianism, to which other systems have abandoned the (to us) welcome task of proclaiming that God is, in the same sense, THE FATHER OF ALL, and consequently of putting in the strongest light the brotherhood of the human race. By whatever doctrine or hypothesis they limit or abrogate this principle; by his supposed hatred to a portion of his rational creatures; by his eternal decree predestinating some to endless life, but others to endless misery; by his identifying the children of Adam with their transgressing parent, and therefore involving them (except the elect) in his wrath and curse; by his leaving some to the unaided workings of a nature supposed to be totally depraved, and only capable of producing guilt and wretchedness; by his not including them in the benefits of Christ's satisfaction, or of the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit; by his seeing in them only fit subjects for the eternal visitations of his justice, and the display of his glory in their final ruin:—whatever modification be adopted, there cannot but result in the heart of man (unless he be driven to abhor, while he believes in, such a character of the Deity) a diminution of brotherly feeling towards some of the human race. But on whatever altar, and to whatever theological idol, bigotry would immolate this glorious truth, it is Unitarianism that rushes in between the priest and the victim, and stays the sacrifice, and saves from pollution the temple of christianity. We approach not the throne of grace in the mockery of prayer for the salvation of all, which we know cannot and shall not be answered to all eternity; we see not, in the wide world, a claimant on our sympathy and love, who, as our faith tells us, is unpitied and unbeloved of our God. We behold not in human nature a loathsome mass of corruption which makes every thought a sin; and all, except our elect associates in the possession of supernaturally bestowed holiness, not fit to be loved, and scarcely fit to live; we look not for a heaven forever exclusive; nor think to to hear with delight, or with content, the honors of vindictive justice proclaimed in groans of hopeless anguish; nor expect that, as they burst from the hearts of the objects of our fondest attachment here, or of any fellow creature, they will minister to the perfection of our happiness, or be consistent with its existence. And therefore we can love mankind with an unreservedness and fulness of emotion, like that which glows in the New Testament.—*Fox.*

MR SPRAGUE'S SERMON.

The following Judicious remarks by the editor of the Boston Commercial Gazette, connected with an extract from the able sermon of the Rev. Mr Sprague at the late Election, are well worth the attention of our readers.

Election Sermons have, in general, been very dull productions, as, in truth, most occasional sermons are, but we can say, with great sincerity, that we read Mr Sprague's with much pleasure. His views are extensive, and his reasoning fair and bold; and his style is in better taste than is generally seen coming from the pulpit. *We venerate the pulpit;* still we do think, that it has not been made an engine of as much good as it might have been, ought to have been, or will be.—Athens, in her most exalted state, had but a few—ten or fifteen—distinguished teachers of morals, philosophy, and the nature of the gods. We, in this Commonwealth, have four hundred teachers of morals and religion. One great school at least, is set up in every town, and once in seven days—and that day hallowed by God and set apart for instruction—all the people come to get knowledge; and yet, with these advantages, do they learn as much as they ought? No one will venture to say they do. Where then is the difficulty? Is it not that the teachers have not done their duty? In the first place, in not improving their own minds; and in the second, by giving their pupils a bad taste?—too often leading them into the mazes of metaphysical reasoning, which only bewildered the head, but never touched the heart, nor influenced the affections. We perceive, with delight, that a change is taking place. Children are now instructed in the elementary precepts of religion, and a sort of Lancasterian system is established, in which parents are made to act as monitors, and the pastor of the parish is at the head of the school. Sermons are now losing the dogmas of creeds and the cant of sectarianism. The former necessary question, as it was once thought to be, what is his persuasion? is grown obsolete and offensive. The present interrogatories are of a higher order—what is his reputation for virtue? what his intellectual powers? his acquirements?—his manner of enforcing his precepts? These have become essential inquiries in fixing the reputation of a teacher of religion. It was in ancient days thought much for the advancement of knowledge, for the different schools to fix upon those matters and principles in which they could agree, and settle something as of general acceptance; and a still happier state, when they went on without commenting on those subjects in which they could not agree. We are rapidly reaching the period when we shall be able to say this of our great teachers in religion—when the cutting sneer will be taken from the mouth of the infidel—"*agree amongst yourselves, before you ask me to believe.*" Then will the high schools of God become the greatest benefit to man, and intelligence, philosophy and religion, form an impenetrable phalanx against superstition, vice, and infidelity. It is time to turn to the sermon, and let the preacher say a word for himself, and somewhat, we think in proof of our assertions.

"As to the first of these, viz. LEARNING; it has often been remarked, as a peculiarly auspicious circumstance, that the settlement of New-England was subsequent to the revival of letters in Europe; and that our fathers, with an ardent attachment to religious liberty, brought hither a high sense of the value of intellectual improvement. they were men who had been accustomed to breathe an enlightened atmosphere, and some of them were among the very master-spirits of the age; and the moment they became inhabitants here, though all around was dark and wild, there appeared, in this New-England sky, the morning star of intellectual glory. They judged—and they judged rightly—that ignorance is incompatible with a high degree of public prosperity; and that the developement of the intellectual powers is not more essential to the dignity and perfection of man's rational nature, than to the stability of civil government. Hence they made it an object of primary concern, to provide the proper means of education, and to bring these means in contact with every mind over which they had controul. Among the earliest of their transactions, were the measures which they adopted in respect to the education of their children; and while yet the wilderness had hardly begun to retire before the hand of civilization, they had made ample and permanent provision for the improvement of posterity. And this enlightened regard to education, which glowed in the bosoms of the fathers, was cherished with equal solicitude by their offspring; and happily for us, it has suffered no diminution, hitherto, from its descent through the line of their posterity. Each generation, as it has passed away, has left some monument of literary or scientific enterprize;—some institutions for the diffusion of useful knowledge; something to mark an era of advancing intellectual improvement. And surely no higher testimony can be rendered to the fidelity of our ancestors in the cause of learning, than is found in the fact that there is, at this moment, hardly a spot beneath the face of Heaven with which, in respect to the general diffusion of the means of knowledge, New-England may not bear a triumphant comparison."

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

There are two extremities into which young people are apt to fall, perhaps equally inimical to respectability of conduct: the one is *confidence*, the other *timidity*. The former, without doubt, is the most decided enemy to improvement; it renders the character ridiculous, and deprives it of a thousand advantages, by which the humble and teachable are benefited: but, where the latter predominates, the result is nearly the same; want of courage is mistaken for inability; and, from fear of making an effort, no effort is made.

Where, however, as in the majority of instances, there is no material deficiency in the intellectual powers, much may be effected by well timed advice, encouragement, or admonition; and those whose age and experience qualify them for the service, ought consciously to avail themselves of proper occasions upon which to render it. Some years ago, a lady, who went with a party to the British Museum, expressed contempt and dissatisfaction at every thing she saw; protested it was loss of time to continue, and urged the company to hasten their departure.—At length they politely thanked the gentleman in attendance, and were about to withdraw, when he detained them by the following address to their fastidious companion:—'When I first saw you, madam, I was struck with your beauty and interesting appearance; but you soon gave me occasion to alter my opinion: I pity the man that marries you, if any one ever will; certainly I would not; and I fear for you, unless some alteration takes place in your taste, manners, and habits. Madam, I wish you a good morning.' Many years after, the same gentleman waited upon another company at the Museum: when they took their leave, and thanked him for his polite attentions, a lady stepped forward, and expressed her gratitude in a manner more lively than the occasion seemed to require. The gentleman, rather surprised, professed himself happy in having contributed to her amusement. 'Sir,' said she, 'my obligations to you far exceed those which you have conferred this morning.' She then recalled to his memory the above circumstances; and added, 'I am that lady; and to you I am indebted, next to this gentleman, who is my husband, for the happiest influence on my life and character; arising from the very pointed, but salutary, reproof which you then administered.'

MR WOLF, THE MISSIONARY.

Mr Smith, in a speech before the American Jews Society, has the following paragraph relating to the Rev. Mr Wolff:—

I know not how it has appeared to others, sir, but to me the character of this man, since I first began to read of him, has been peculiarly commanding. An individual, who, though born and nursed in Judaism, declared his belief of the christian religion at the age of eight years—who forsook for this cause his father's house at twelve—who dared to tell the Pope "he was dust," in his own college at Rome—and who proved the Gemara "to be a lie," to the Jews of the Holy City; a man who has preached the Gospel on Mount Sinai, who is now exploring the footsteps of

his father Abraham in the land of Uz—and disputing with Devil-worshippers in Bagdad, the region of Arabian romance! O, sir, there is a moral sublimity in such a spectacle, which must command admiration.—There is not among men a more truly exalted character than the Christian missionary.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE, 18.

Misquotations of Scripture. There is no circumstance by which the candid and honest inquirer after truth is led so much to regret the injurious influence of early prejudice and strenuous attachment to old systems, as the gross and palpable misquotations of scripture, which evidently result from these prejudices, and which are month after month and year after year, perseveringly palmed upon us.

We were led to these reflections by a very striking misquotation of the words, and manifest perversion of the sense of Scripture, in a communication on the first page of the Boston Recorder and Telegraph of last week. The writer is preparing to show that all wrong belief, (by which from an examination of the article alluded to, it will appear that he means, every thing that differs from his own faith) proceeds chiefly from "an evil heart of unbelief." In the course of his remarks he pretends to quote a part of the 7th verse of the 8th chapter of Romans, which according to our translation reads thus, "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be." The writer whom we have mentioned quotes it thus "the *natural* mind is enmity against God," &c. We have repeatedly heard this passage quoted in the same manner, and we are willing to suppose that it has often been done, as it was perhaps in this instance, without a consciousness of any deviation from fairness and truth. If done knowingly and intentionally, there is no excuse for the intended fraud, and the severest rebuke that can be uttered against it, is fully merited. At best, whether intentionally or only carelessly, it is a perversion of the word of God, which by whomsoever it is done, should be the cause of very humbling and self-distrusting reflections; for it can be made to appear that to use this passage, even when quoted correctly, as a proof of the natural enmity of the heart to God, is a gross and palpable *wresting of the scriptures.*

St Paul is speaking of the advantages of practical holiness, of walking "after the spirit." To such there is "no condemnation." "They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the spirit the things of the spirit. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace; because the carnal mind [not the *natural* mind] is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be."

By observing this passage in the connexion in which it stands, it appears that the Apostle neither made or intended to make any allusion to the natural state or qualities of the human mind in a moral respect. A more exact translation of the verse makes this still more apparent. In the preceeding verses much is said of *walking after the flesh*, and in the 7th verse the Apostle uses a similar expression, which the translators have rendered 'the carnal mind,' or fleshly mind, but which, to be more exact, should be translated *the minding of the flesh;* by which is meant an addictedness, or an obstinate and habitual attachment to worldly and sensual indulgences.

The true sense and meaning of the Apostle then, in this passage, is this,—The carnal or fleshly mind, or, in other words, *the minding of the flesh*,—an habitual and excessive indulgence of the gross and sensual appetites, is not a practice subject to the law of God,—is not in accordance either with his character of his revealed will, nor can such dispositions and such behaviour ever be acknowledged as under subjection to him, or in any way allowed or countenanced by his holy and righteous authority.

This interpretation is confirmed by the 6th verse of the same chapter. "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." To be carnally minded,—to devote ourselves to worldly and sensual gratifications is death!—it is a course of life which will assuredly be followed not only by misery and the extinction of the natural life, but by death in a moral respect; the death and overthrow of all our better hopes,—just in the proportion that we are destitute of the purity and sanctifying graces of the christian character. And in explanation of the following verses it may further be observed, that since we were constituted for happiness,—since the promotion and security of our happiness was the great object, intention and law of God respecting us—if we devote ourselves to such pursuits, and yield to such indulgences as frustrate this design and render us miserable, this conduct is enmity against God and the beneficent law of nature he has given us.

Is not this interpretation in unison with the plain and natural import of the text? Is it indeed capable, without the most palpable deviation from probability and truth, of any other exposition? At any rate, is there an individual who has any regard to his reputation as a fair-minded and honest man, who will hesitate for a moment to express his unqualified and severe disapprobation of such unceremonious perversion of Scripture as the correspondent of the Recorder has been guilty of in the case to which we have alluded?

The extraordinary communication to which we have alluded in the preceeding article, and which is also noticed by one of our correspondents this week, is well worth the perusal of all sorts of people. Of course we shall not be understood to mean, on account of its merits,—but rather as affording evidence to what a disgusting extreme of rancour and falsehood a bigot may drive himself when he gets his passions a little excited. No Unitarian need fear an eventual detriment, (though it may occasion some present inconvenience) to the cause of liberality and truth, from such a shameles medley of sophistry and misrepresentation. For the community in general are not (as this writer seems to suppose) so shallow and witless as not to perceive that his article contains no argument, and that his statements are without foundation in truth. The more such communications are read, the better will it be for the cause of christian truth, and true liberality of sentiment. By their extravagance and their utter disregard to what is known to be probable and true, they create a salutary reaction, and lead the public mind to a more exact discrimination, and a more just estimate of the real merits of the several classes of christian believers.

Original Communications.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Mr Reed....Truth is beautiful; and happy would it be for individuals and society, if they at all times expressed themselves in the *beauty of truth.* But such is the constitution of human nature, that men are liable to err, even in the gratification of their most amiable propensities. It is an error, undoubtedly, to *exaggerate* even the virtues and graces of our best or humblest friends—but it is an error proceeding from such an amiableness of feeling; and a feeling so rare and harmless of itself, that an expression of censure upon it appears calculated to injure rather than promote the cause of christian morality.

I am not the apologist of falsehood, or of falsity in any form; for it is unquestionably correct, as a late correspondent of yours well expressed it, that "Truth is the bond of Society." In its *general* application, therefore, to the business and intercourse of society, voluntary or "involuntary exaggeration" which must be considered an infraction of truth, is reprehensible in a high degree. But when applied to an "estimate of character" it is questionable with me, whether it is so "injurious in its effects" as stated by the writer alluded to.

The very term *exaggeration* as it will be noticed, supposes the *elements* of the character in question, whether good or bad, to exist in the individual spoken of. If they do *not* exist, then it is not exaggeration, but sheer fabrication of which complaint is made; or in other words, down right falsehood or deceit.—If the elements do exist, then the mere *coloring* which may be given them, cannot produce any very *injurious effects.* My reasons, therefore, for deprecating the censure alluded to, may be very briefly given.

The world is inclined to censoriousness. Envy and malevolence are always ready to blazon the heart-burnings and suspicions which continually rankle in their breasts. The little jealousies of the toilette and the counting-house—the kitchen and the field, give rise to a thousand little nothings, which are made to circulate by the curiosity of some, the idleness of others, and the love of excitation of the many. A piece of scandal is caught up with avidity by the multitude, and disseminated through the community for years, unheeding contradiction; while a noble trait of character, a disinterested action, an extraordinary deed of charity, forgiveness or benevolence, may be a mere day's wonder with the few; and then is forgotten by them and perhaps forever.—Men at the best, are not apt to over-rate, nor even to allow, all the merit of their nearest friends. A feeling of self-love is too often at work in the heart to permit us to acknowledge those in others which we do not feel to belong to our own character.

Now these feelings, passions, and propensities of the human mind, lead it naturally to be censorious which is a crying sin of the times. But this is far, very far from involuntary exaggeration. The one deals in suspicions, reports, surmises and conjectures: the other, with what it knows, understands and feels. The one is engaged in condemning upon the slightest foundation; with thoughtless in consideration or malevolent wantonness. The other, upon known and prominent traits of character, with feelings of holy indignation, or philanthrophical tenderness and charity. But it is in the estimate of *good* character that *involuntary exaggeration* generally appears; and it is so seldom that men feel a *kindly sensibility* towards their fellow men; and so amiable is that disposition which leads them to deepen the colouring of every virtue and avert the eye from every fault, that it would seem to me to be more salutary to approve and encourage, than to censure it, even at the expense of a little occasional disappointment.

Involuntary exaggeration in this particular encourages a warmth of feeling and a disinterested and kindly sensibility towards our friends, neighbors and the community at large; in opposition to that cold selfishness too common in the world, and so destructive of every generous and noble affection. Its tendency is to extirpate censoriousness; for if we can be lead to consider, to allow, and admire the virtues rather than the vices of men, we shall see more to praise than to censure; and be more ready to imitate the former than to follow the latter; as society is now constituted it is necessary to do justice to our friends, to give something more than cold, barren, and indiscriminate account of their merits and demerits. A statement of this kind would mar the prospects if not ruin the best man in the community And if *our own minds are well regulated* no injury or disappointment can arise. The character of any one whether given in terms of praise or censure, would then be received with that allowance with which we must feel it is cecessary to receive every human relation. No occasion would there exist to shrink with a feeling of disappointment from every person, however *highly exalted.* For the elements in which the exaggeration was founded must be there, or it was not exaggerat either voluntary or involuntary; but if the substance is found, the shadow or coloring is of consequence. It is the fiction, the poetry, the romance of moral feeling and imagination; beautiful to us in embellishment, as the fine arts in refined society, but not essential to the enjoyment of the real benefits of life. A.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Mr Editor.....I refer your readers to an article on the first page of the last Recorder and Telegraph entitled "Evidences that the Faith of the Primitive Christians, was not Unitarian." I wish it *could be read* by every considerate person in the community, of every name and sect; that the *statements* and *reasonings* of the author might be examined; that the sentiments he has published might be sounded far and wide, and meet the reprobation of a discriminating public. It would be well if rational christians perused the violent denunciations of their enemies, that are so unblushingly trumpeted to the world, and *it is well* that they are read by thousands of moderate feelings and opinions among the orthodox, who will not fail to recognize the pharisaical spirit and unchristian temper of the denunciation. The gross attack made upon Liberal Christianity by Rev. Dr. Miller, called forth the able answers and defences of this system by Rev. Mr Sparks, whose name has been spread through the states as, a fearless, able, and popular champion of religious liberty, and rational religion. Thus good is adduced from evil; thus the seeds of pure religion are widely scattered abroad by the unhallowed blasts of a corrupt faith.

Under the title "Religious" the *evidences* that primitive Christians were not Unitarians, are, in the last Recorder, obtruded upon the readers notice, by a writer whose signature is C. C. M. I call him to the bar of conscience, of truth, of candour, of Christianity, to answer for his calumnies The worst heresy is stirring up strife, enkindling animosity, bearing *false* witness, uttering lies.

This writer *asserts*, and as he says, PROVES, that Unitarianism springs from a *wicked* heart, blinded and deluded by sin; that the believers of this system "*subordinate*" revelation to reason; that the whole scheme is a course of mere *external services*, of *opposition to God;* that it lays the conscience asleep, fosters pride and self-complacency, and dismissses *all anxiety* in regard to eternity. Is this picture a portrait?—Examine *the lives* of serious Unitarians (not those merely who *call* themselves rational Christians,) examine *the lives* of serious Calvinists (not those alone who *talk* of orthodoxy,) examine the lives of ministers, Orthodox and Unitarian, and what is the result? If it be true that Unitarians, clergy and laity, are loose in their morals, hardened in iniquity, the irreligious of our community; and if it be true that Calvinists, clergy and laity, are the only moral, exemplary, philanthropic, religious persons among us, well may rational christians hide their heads, and the orthodox lift up theirs in triumph, but, if the statements of C. C. M. are calumnies; if Unitarians, as a body, contain moral, exemplary and devout Christians, if in the judgment of charity they exhibit a good life and conversation, let the respectable among their opponents frown upon attempts to blast their reputation, and hold them up as enemies of God and of his Son. It shows a bad cause when its defence rests upon violent abuse instead of argument; at least it evinces great indiscretion in its defenders.

CHARACTER OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

It is the peculiar happiness of New-England to present in her early history, objects, upon which the pious mind can dwell with fond and sympathizing interest. The history of infant states commonly awakens no other associations, than those connected with war and usurpation, or with commerce and manufactures. But we can trace back the cause of our political existence, till we find it in the secret workings of the devout soul,—in the elevated desire of a free, unrestrained, worship of the Almighty. How sublime the motive—how grand, how noble the stimulus to action. This wide extended country, with its lofty mountains, its magnificent rivers, its interminable forests, seemed suited to minds accustomed to the vastness of spiritual objects—and still seems by its astonishing progress, by its moral, intellectual, and political height and breadth, to be proportioning and harmonizing itself to the grandeur of those conceptions which filled, warmed, and animated the hearts of our forefathers. It was not the lands of this new world which urged them to the perils of the voyage—no it was an inheritance in heaven that they were seeking, and thither their holy eyes were turned with an intense interest;—it was not for the hope of a traffic that was to result in temporal wealth—no, they were only solicitous to barter for the pearl of great price. And how powerful must have been this actuating principle to keep them steady to a design so painful in its execution. It is this perseverance of our forefathers, which carries with it an irresistible conviction of the depth and reality of their religious feeling, and presents them to our imagination under a form so sublimely sacred. Situated as they were, we may easily conceive that the idea of a distant country, remote from persecution and arbitrary power, might assume an attractive appearance; novelty always holds out a charm to the unhappy—and there was something to dazzle the imagination in the scene when viewed at a distance. A country where nature alone was the monarch,—freedom from the terrors of persecution and the shackles of tyranny,—the liberty to think, to speak, to act, in a world of their own, where their freed spirits could expatiate uncontrolled, might hold out a prospect sufficiently alluring to induce the undertaking. But it is astonishing that they persevered through trials, which offering no example in kind for their support, must, from this peculiarity, have been more appalling and overwhelming than ordinary distresses. They were human beings, and consequently liable to all the fluctuations of feeling to which man is incident. Arrived in a wilderness—ill provided with accommodations, surrounded by fellow beings who not only repelled from want of sympathy those kindly affections which cheer the heart, but awakened in their place fear, that most subduing passion,—with food scarcely sufficient for the demands of nature,—and a climate destructive to the health and even the lives of many of their fellow sufferers, it is astonishing that they had resolution to resist the impulses of natural feeling, which must have strongly importuned them to abandon a project so threatening in its aspect. How in this scene of anguish must the troubles of the home they had left, have receeded from the memory, and its comforts stood out in prominent relief—how must their hearts have yearned in this strange land for the solace of familiar objects. They were men and subject to the infirmities of man. In the general distress individual sorrows no doubt became more poignant and in that ebbing of the spirits to which some contemplative minds are liable, when there is no brightness in the sun, and no music in the birds—how must their hearts have sickened for the friends of their youth, and the cheering influence of civilized society. It is only when by an effort of imagination we place ourselves in their situation, that we can comprehend the power which religion had over their hearts. It was this which supported them under trials so peculiar and distressing. Religion enabled them to endure the most severe hardships,—it threw a radiance over poverty, and blessed with its own joys the meanest condition. We read of a good man, who having invited his friend to a dinner of clams, which for a time was almost the only support that could be obtained by many, after his homely repast returned thanks to God, "who had given them to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand." The thoughtless may smile at the quaintness of the phraseology; but who that has any sympathy, with devout affections, can contemplate unmoved the state of that heart, which under such circumstances, suggested an ejaculation so expressive of warm and deeply felt gratitude.

We have been led to these remarks upon the exalted piety of our forefathers, from an apprehension that an unqualified admiration of Scott and the disposition to copy his peculiarities, may lead our American novelists, into an error of which *he* has been too often guilty, in throwing an air of ridicule over the old puritan character. And as there is a growing taste for the antique of our country, we have feared lest in the eagerness for present fame, the sacred character of our forefathers might be sacrified to a fugitive popularity. But no splendour of diction, no beauty of imagery, no novelty of incident, could atone for such a wrong to our country. Who can calculate the immense injury to future generations, by connecting our venerable ancestors with disgusting and gloomy associations, by throwing ridicule over their sublime simplicity, and giving to the exalted purity of their manners, an air of rusticity and unyielding severity. No—if genius in her aspirings would bring these characters into life again, let her represent them as they really were, devout christians, many of them accustomed to all the refinement of polished society, many distinguished scholars loaded with academic honors.—Let them impress upon the minds of our youth, by all the force of their eloquence the majestic grandeur of the founders of our country—that their examples may have an attractive grace, and the institutions which they formed may be still venerated and preserved. That they had faults is true—but they were the faults of the age, and need not be blazoned as warnings to us, since we are in little danger of falling into similar errors. V.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

The *subject* of the following lines led us to *hesitate* about their insertion; though we concluded, on the whole, that this was not a sufficient reason for their rejection. We should feel much more pleasure in receiving articles on *christian* subjects.

THE GRECIAN MOTHER.

Ere the battle strife began,
A Grecian mother led her son
To a grove where once was heard
Voice of lute, and voice of bird,
Making night more sweet than day;—
And the young moon's brightest ray,
Danced on waters calm and still,
On the Mount and flowing rill;—
Danced on banners as they wav'd,
O'er the valiant—o'er the brave;—
Danced on helmet and on spear,
On warrior's glance and maiden's tear.—
Then the strife of war began,
Sabres clashed and bugles rang:—
Like a mighty rushing flood
Poured the Greek and Moslem blood.
Tears were in that mother's eye,
As she thought on slavery!—
And while on her son she gazed,
Thus her melody she raised:

'Look—look—my boy, where the proud banners wave!
Hark—the bold sound of the trumpet comes!
The summons are holy—and the warriors brave,
Hoary age and fair youth now fight for their homes!

Look!—the Moslem fleets are borne on the tide,
And the moon beams play on the sabres bright;
But ere morning shall break, the Moslem's pride
Will be quenched beneath our warriors' might.

Let them call on Allah—they call in vain!
The prayer *we* breathe, on high shall ascend;
The flash of the sword, and the trumpet's strain,
With the *light* and the *voice* of dear liberty *blend.*

I love thee, my boy—but away—away
With thy father's sword and thy mother's blessing:
Though my fond heart relucts—thou must not stay,
While others, as young, to the conflict are pressing.

Till the victory's won, come not from the fight;
Till Fredom and Peace to your country you give,
Though the *price* be the *loss* of Heaven's fair light,
'Twere better, by far, than in slavery to live.

The parting embrace was tender and long,
Their tears now commingled, flowed freely and fast,
But soon he rushed forth to the glorious throng,
And his hopes to the mercy of heaven he cast.—

Ah! nobly he fought—and nobly he fell;
His last ardent pray'r for his country was given;
She who bare him just heard the faint murmur "farewell,"
And his deep-chastened spirit ascended to Heaven.

E.

[Our correspondent 'E.' will accept our thanks for his repeated communications, and for his candor in the liberty he has given us of making such corrections and alterations as we might deem expedient. We hope he will continue his communications. We feel it our duty, however to say, that if he intends, as we think he ought, to *cultivate* his muse, it would be much better for himself, as well as a great relief to us, if he would write with more care, and thus prevent the necessity of alterations and corrections by another hand. He would be benefitted by reading over his lines with some friend who is conversant with good poetry, and especially with a writer of good poetry. For ourselves we have never courted the muses, and make no pretensions to their favours.

We should be glad, however, of an interview with E at some convenient time, for we think he would derive advantage from learning our reasons for the trifling alterations, that have occasionally been made in his lines.]

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

Friday, June 10. The Committee on roads reported a bill to incorporate the company for constructing a turnpike from Holliston to Brookline, which was read a first time.

The Committee on banks, reported bills for the incorporation of the Metropolitan and North Banks in Boston.

A bill relative to the state militia was read and ordered to be printed.

The following bills passed and were sent down for concurrence :—

A bill to incorporate the Plumb Island Turnpike and Bridge Corporation.

—— to establish the Bridgewater Iron Manufacturing Company.

—— in addition to the act establishing the Becket Turnpike Corporation.

—— to establish the Wilkinsonville Turnpike Corporation.

—— to establish the Tolland and Otis Turnpike Corporation.

Saturday, June 11. A committee was appointed on the subject of retrenchment of expenses of the Commonwealth.

The committee on the reversion of the pauper laws reported that the subject be referred to the next session.

A message was received from his excellency the Governor, on the subject of a communication received by him relative to the means of opening a Canal from Connecticut river to the seaboard, through the Merrimack river. Committed to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

Bills passed to be engrossed, to incorporate the first Congregational Church in Purchase-Street. The first Congregational Society in Sandwich. The first Episcopal Society in Southwick. The second Congregational Society in North Bridgewater, &c.

Monday, June, 13. The North Boston Bank Incorporation bill passed to be engrossed.

The [Boston] Metropolitan Bank Incorporation bill, was ordered to lie on the table.

MILITIA BILL.

The additional bill, to the "Act to regulate the Militia of the Commonwealth," reported by the standing Committee on the militia, and which had been printed, was read a second time, and committed.

A bill relating to certain beaches in Marshfield; and a petition of H. Orne and others, for a Bank in Boston, were referred to the next session.

Tuesday, June 14. Leave for bills for increase of the capitals of the American and City Banks, were reported, and accepted.

The Committee on Banks reported a bill, for incorporating the Bunker Hill Bank, in Charlestown, (capital, $150,000) which was read a first time; also a bill from the House for incorporating the *Blackstone Bank*, with amendments, which were adopted, and the bill read a first time.

Bills passed to be engrossed, viz.— Incorporating the Metropolitan Bank, in Boston; establishing the Hampden Bank; to discontinue a part of the Worcester Turnpike; to establish a half-toll gate on the Barre Turnpike; to allow the Asiatic Bank to increase its capital $30,000.

Ordered, that the Treasurer be directed to lay before this Board, early next session, a detailed account of all expenditures of the Commonwealth from January 1, 1825, to January 1, 1826.

Ordered, That the committee on Banks be instructed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the several Banks of this Commonwealth to issue bills below the denomination of Five Dollars, to a greater amount than they are now by law allowed to do.

Ordered, That the committee on Banks be instructed to consider the necessity and expediency of providing and regulating by a general law, all Bank Charters, that may hereafter be granted or renewed for establishing them on an equal and just foundation; and for the better security of the public against losses by counterfeit bills, discount on bills, and fraudulent speculations, and report at an early day of the next session.

Bills engrossed—establishing Sterling Turnpike—to incorporate the N. Parish Funding Society in Wrentham—in addition to an act to authorise the U. States to purchase land for a Navy Yard in Charlestown—authorizing the American Bank to increase its capital—to prevent the destruction of Fish in Falmouth—to incorporate the Manufactures and Mechanics Bank in Nantucket—establishing a Fire Department in the City of Boston—and incorporating the Merchants Bank in New-Bedford.

Resolves providing for further surveys of public lands in Maine were reported and passed.

The committee on the part of His Excellency's Speech relating to depredations on Eastern Lands reported the subject be postponed to the next session, which report was accepted.

HOUSE.

Friday, June 10. A bill making further provision for the redemption of mortgages, and giving further equitable remedies, was reported and read once.

The bill to incorporate the Wardsworth Monument Association, passed to be engrossed.

The bill to establish the rate of interest, was amended, and assigned for a third reading.

A bill to provide for the stapling and inspection of Wool, was reported and made the order of the day for Monday.

Saturday, June 11. Resolves were passed directing the appointment of an agent or agents, to meet the Commissioners appointed by the U. States to survey the route for a canal across Cape Cod.

The petition for a Guarantee Company—and of the Saxon Leicester Manufacturing Company were referred to the next session.

The committee on commerce were discharged from any further consideration of the expediency of altering the Inspection Laws.

Monday, June 13. The committee on the subject of the pay of the Representatives, reported, that it was expedient hereafter to pay one half of the even number of representatives which the city of Boston, and the several towns and districts are Constitutionally entitled to send out of Public Treasury; and that those towns and districts entitled to send but one representative shall be paid in like manner for their attendance every other year, without reimbursement.

A resolve passed authorizing the Governor and Council to fix the compensation of Canal Commissioners and Engineers.

A committee were appointed to consider the expediency of providing by law for the indemnification of persons suffering by reason of any alteration of the level of any street or way, by order of Surveys of Highways in any town or city.

The Boston Lamps regulation bill; the Bedford Commercial, Blackstone, and New-Bedford Merchant's Bank bills; and the Charlestown Police bills, passed to be engrossed.

The rate of interest bill was re-comitted.

A bill to establish a Fire Department in Boston, after discussion, passed to be engrossed as amended.

The Committee on banks, &c. was instructed to inquire if any practices have obtained in any of the Banks of this Sate, inconsistent with the principles of Banking, or repugnant to their charters.

Bills passed to be engrossed, to incorporate the Swift River Manufacturing Company; the Trustees of the Burley Education Fund in Ipswich; the Trustees of the Poor's Fund in Charlestown; the Mechanic's Insurance Company in New-Bedford; the Boston and Springfield Manufacturing Company, additional bill, and the Lynn Wire Manufacturing Company.

USURY. A bill yesterday passed to a third reading in the House of Representatives, for fixing the legal rate of interest, (in cases, we suppose, in which no other rate is agreed upon by the parties) at six per cent, and repealing the Act for restraining the taking of excessive usury. The act against usury is a relic of other times, when the nature of money, and the effect of restraints upon the use of it, were much more imperfectly understood than at present. Repeated attempts have been made to expunge this from our statute book, and the reason why these attempts have not succeeded is probably that the subject has not been examined by our Legislature with that attention which it deserves.

Bos. Daily Adv. of June 8.

General Intelligence.

THE JEWS. A writer in the Albany Daily Advertiser comments on the late purchase of *Grand Island*, by Mr Noah, as a residence for emigrant Jews. It is supposed that the reason that a greater number of people of this nation have not settled in this country, is, that they have not been made acquainted with the various civil, religious, mercantile and agricultural privileges which the country affords.

The Jewish bankers in London, and in other large cities of Europe are making great loans to the different South American Governments, making Companies &c.

The writer we have mentioned speaks of the building a city on Grand Island, and informs us that the "foundation stone of the new city," will be laid during the summer with suitable masonic, military and religious ceremony.

The Rev. Mr Rand, late editor of the Christian Mirror, of Portland, has relinquished the care of that work, and it is now edited by Mr John L. Parkhurst, late preceptor of Gilmanton Academy, N. H.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS. It is estimated that the number of those who attend the Sunday Schools in the various parts of Christendom, is not less than one million. The sabbath school teachers in different parts of the country have agreed to meet at convenient places, on the second Monday evening of every month, for the purpose of united prayer in behalf of Sunday schools.

NEW NOVEL. A new novel, entitled *Resignation*, by a lady, in two volumes, is just issued from the presses of John B. Russell, and of T. R. Marvin.

The following passage from the first vol. in relation to the "Nations Guest," as he has been appropriately called, will be read with interest at the present time.

'Believe me sir,' replied the foreigner, 'my joy is but in sympathy with that of thousands. It was your glorious contest which awakened to noble deeds the ardent spirit of a LAFAYETTE. It was this which called the youthfull philanthropist from the charities of kindred, from the endearments of home, and caused him to resign for a season, that mysterious and powerful interest which binds the patriot's heart to the land of his nativity. It was for your cause that he crossed the pathless deep, and gave the energies of manhood to that mighty struggle which has made America a name and a praise among the nations of the earth. The hero will yet smile upon the happiness of his adopted, his independent country: and unborn millions will rise and call him blessed.

'Yes! distant nations gazed in the death-like silence of their attention on a contest which has resulted so honorably to the American name; and I ardently hope that a portion of that spirit which has animated your people to deeds of glory, will be, in your example, imparted to the witnesses of your prowess and your triumph. I trust I shall yet see the day, when South America will, by a mighty and a successful effort, cast from her the degrading yoke of bondage; and I believe the period will arrive, when Liberty, having extended the threshold of her illustrious home, till it shall prove co-extensive with the habitable world, will smile with a parent's joy upon the human family, forming one vast and happy Republic, and exulting in the glory of "*universal emancipation.*"

A new Baptist Church is about being erected in Salem.

A Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was formed in Hallowel, Maine, in February last.

A Female Tract Society, Auxiliary to the General Tract Society has also been lately formed in the same place.

New Plan of a Steam Boat.—The New York Evening Post of June 2, says—"So frequent has been the occurrence of accidents in steam boats, that all confidence in them as a safe mode of conveyance for passengers, is almost entirely destroyed. We have heard that a company are building a boat 100 feet long and of proportionable width, to be fitted up with separate rooms and apartments equal to the most splendid hotel in our city, so that families or parties may have separate apartments, dine by themselves at such hours as suits them, have their own servants, and avoid the crowd and bustle attending a muster of two or three hundred people to breakfast and dinner, and what is equally disagreable, the hot air and tremulous motion which is occasioned by the boiler and machinery, which are placed in steam boats. She is to have no machinery, or stumbling block on board of her, and is to be towed by a steam boat, to the stern of which she will be fastened by strong iron fastenings. Such a boat, we think, cannot but receive encouragement. You may then go as safe, and rest as quiet as in any splendid hotel on land, out of danger of the carlessness or ignorance of what are called Engineers, or the more reprehensible conduct of racing, to see which boat can reach her port of destination ten or fifteen minutes before the other."

DUELLING. In a late letter from New Orleans, we have an anecdote of Lafayette, which gives him a new claim on the esteem and veneration of every patriotic and benevolent mind, as it affords an addition to other excellent qualities, a new and striking evidence of his high moral worth.

If any thing can serve to bind us more closely to Lafayette, than what has already transpired during his eventful life, it will be the recollection of an act of disinterested kindness which his visit to this place has afforded. I will relate it. A time was appointed for all the military officers in the city to call upon the General. They assembled at the Exchange, and started from thence to the General's quarters; but unhappily, in consequence of some misunderstanding upon certain points of military etiquette, the officers of the Legion moved off without the remaining brigade officers; this led to reproaches, insults, and *challenges*. Lafayette heard of it, and with truly paternal concern for his 'children,' immediately summoned all the officers of the brigade to his quarters, and there after having addressed them affectionately for half an hour, *made them all embrace* each other, renounce all animosity, and seal their declarations in a glass of wine. This is an act of magnanimity, which ought to be recorded in letters of gold; but to those who witnessed it, on their minds it is stamped indelibly. Three duels have thus been arrested—at four o'clock yesterday one was to have been fought, and it was only at half past three that the disputants were compelled to lay down their swords.

NATURAL CURIOSITY. The ship Octavia, Capt. Blanchard, which arrived here on the third instant from Batavia, brought an Orang Outang, consigned to a merchant of this city, from Mr Forrester a respectable merchant in Batavia.

But the animal unfortunately died a few minutes after the ship came to anchor—and has been given to Dr Jeffries for dissection. He was about three feet high, and answers the description given in books. A Calcutta paper mentions one nearly 8 feet high.

The skin of the one by the Octavia is to be placed in the Cabinet at Merchant's Hall.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL. This splended project is advancing towards maturity, The engineer, Mr Jarvis, is now engaged in marking out the rout of the Canal, and laborers are soon to commence the grand work at both ends, with a spirit and vigor worthy of this magnificent undertaking.

At the last full session of our legislature, a law was passed giving to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, banking privileges. By means of this canal, the produce of the northern and eastern parts of Pennsylvania, together with the southern boundry of this state, and the inexhaustible mines of the Lackawaxen coal, will find an easy water conveyance to our great metropolis.—*N. Y. Adv.*

Accounts from Bangor, state that for 25 years the season has not been so forward and promising as the present.

We understand that Capt. Porter is to be tried by a Court Martial, in relation to the affair at Faxardo.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE. General Lafayette arrived in this city, on Wednesday P. M. about 4 o'clock. A letter from him was received, by the Hon. Mr Lloyd, late on the preceding evening, announcing that he should probably arrive on Wednesday. On Thursday at eleven o'clock, he was received in the Representatives Chamber by the three branches of the Government, and addressed by the Governor.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT. On Friday the processson was formed at the State House, agreeably to the arrangements which had been previously announced in the papers, and proceeded through Park, Common, School, Washington, Union, Hanover and Prince Streets, over Charlestown Bridge, to Breed's Hill.

Our limits, and the early hour of putting our paper to press prevent our giving a particular description of the ceremony. We must defer this till our next.

The Baltimore Federal Gazette of Tuesday states that funds have been placed in the United States, by the Colombian Republic, to pay for the brig America, Josephine, the Liberty and their cargoes, all of Philadelphia, the Tiger and cargo of Salem, the Minerva of Massachusetts, and the cargo insured at Philadelphia. These vessels were illegally captured by privateers under the Venezuelian flag. The principal and interest and liberal damages for the captures have been allowed by the republic. This honorable conduct on the part of Colombia affords an additional guaranty for a continuance of the faithful and enlightened policy of the government.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON. From the message of Gov. Morril to the New Hampshire legislature, now in session, it appears that previous to the yesr 1819, when the present warden took charge of the state prison, that institution was a heavy burden on the treasury; the balance against the state in a single year having been $4,235. Since 1822, no money has been drawn from the treasury, and the warden has now in bank upwards of $5,000, after having defrayed all expenses as fast as they have become due.

BUFFALO, June 7. On Thursday last, the water was let into the Canal from Black Rock to the Tonawanta Creek. On Friday morning a boat descended the Niagara River from Black Rock, entered the Canal at the Locks, at the mouth of Tonawanta Creek, where it was met by a boat from the east, having on board Mr Bouck, Canal Commissioner, Engineers, &c. and returned through the Canal to Black Rock, where a salute was then fired. The navigation of the canal is now open from this place to Albany, with the exception of a few miles this side of Lockport, and a portion between this village and Black Rock. *Pat.*

TORNADO. A Tornado of dreadful violence, and very destructive in its effects, passed over Burlington, Ohio, and its neighborhood, about the 25th of May. The width of the tornado was about one mile; its length was not ascertained. A letter from Granville represents that 17 persons were killed, besides many cattle. The description as given in this letter is truly appalling. It is stated that such was the violence of the blast, that cattle were thrown down and rolled on the ground like logs, and that the water of the creek for several miles was entirely carried away, leaving the bed of the creek dry.

We remarked a few days ago, that the account received from Mexico, respecting the revolt among the troops stationed at Sacrificios, was rather ambiguous, and we have intelligence to-day, giving a more circumstantial relation to the ocurrence. It appears that a body of Mexican troops stationed at the Island of Sacrificios, mutinied on the 30th of April, and put all their officers to death. The Mexican general in the neighbourhood of Vera Cruz lost no time in marching against the mutineers, who had hoisted the Spanish flag; they were compelled to surrender; 20 of the ringleaders were executed the first day, and other executions had followed. *N. Y. pa.*

EARTHQUAKE. On Monday night last, about half past 10, two distant shocks of an earthquake, following each other in quick succession, were felt in Kennebec. They were accompanied with considerable noise, and awakened many persons from their sleep. At half past twelve there was another shock more severe than the first;—and many were the third time awakened by a shock a little before day-light. These shocks were felt in Hallowell and in Waterville, where the noise accompanying them is represented to have been like that of numerous carriages driven over a rough road. How much farther these earthquakes extended we have not heard.

Kennebec Journal.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SENATOR. The Legislature of New-Hampshire has made choice of the Hon. Levi Woodbury, as a Senator to Congress for the ensuing six years. In the House of Representatives on Thursday last, he was chosen on the fifth ballot. In this choice the Senate on Friday concurred, yeas 9, nays 2.

The State of Virginia is now considerably agitated by the proposition for a Convention to frame a new Constitution.—The friends and opponents of universal suffrage are warmly engaged in the contest. The latter, however, have to contend against the popular current—and perhaps feel restricted in their arguments.

MICHIGAN. The rapid settlement of this Territory leaves no doubt that another state will soon be added to the Union. The number of emigrants is so great, that they find temporary quarters in the settlements with difficulty. A new town has recently been laid out, to which is given the name of *Tecumseh*, a merited tribute to the great ability of that brave son of the Forest.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE. The Committee of the Trustees of the Asylum for the Insane, at Charlestown, lately made a statement which gives the following results.

"Of 120 boarders in the Asylum, during five quarters ending March 21, 1825. sixty-five have been removed, and fifty-five remain. Of sixty-five that removed, two eloped, and one was an unfit subject, leaving sixty-two, of whom forty-one were relieved, and twenty-eight were cured."

Mr Banks, a member of the British parliament, has received from Egypt a manuscript copy, written on papyrus, of a portion of Homer's Illiad, discovered in the Island of Elephantine, by a French gentleman travelling with Mr Banks in Upper Egypt.

A severe storm of wind and rain occurred at Norfolk on the 4th and 5th inst. The tide rose to a great height, and many vessels were injured by driving against the wharves, &c. and large quantities of lumber were floated off and several buildings injured. The shipping in the Hampton Roads were obliged to cut their cables, and several got ashore on Craney Island flats.

Alexander Palmer, a convict at the State prison in Charlestown, escaped therefrom last November by concealing himself in the bottom of a sofa. He was about two weeks since recognised by the vigilant police of Philadelphia and there apprehended. Notice of this arrest having been sent, through the Mayor of this city, Constable Reed was deputed to reconduct the fugitive to his old quarters, where he was safely lodged on Friday last. *Pat.*

VALUABLE BEQUEST. John Brooks, M. D. late President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and formerly Governor of this state, bequeathed, in his will, the whole of his medical library to the medical society.

During the storm on the 4th instant, the ground was entirely covered with snow at Philadelphia—a thing says the Freeman's Journal, unprecedented in Philadelphia, in the month of June.

The wife of the Ex-Emperer Iturbide and family, of Mexico, are daily expected in this city, where they purpose establishing their permanent residence. *N. Y. pa.*

Nathan Gurney, Esq. of Abington, is chosen Superintendent of the Hospital—vice Capt. Nathaniel Fletcher deceased

BALTIMORE, June 3.—*La Serna and Canterac.* By the last arrival from Brazil, it is ascertained that the late Viceroy of Peru, La Serna, arrived at Rio Janeiro about the 10th of March, and proceeded on the 26th in a French ship for Bordeaux. Gen. Canterac arrived at Rio on the 24th of March, and was to sail in a few days for France. La Serna has evinced his prudence in proceeding to France, for had he in the first instance landed in Spain, the probability is that his residence would have been a prison. The courage and ability with which he so long maintained the Spanish authority in Peru, could scarcely be expected to save him from the enmity awakened in the breast of Ferdinand by his final surrender to Bolivar. In France he may negociate, obtain the favor of the French Cabinet, and then proceed to Spain with some hope of safety. *Fed. Gaz.*

THE NIGER.—*Glasgow*, April 21st.—The Dumfries Courier of Tuesday last, contains this satisfactory, this pleasing but to us certainly not unexpected intelligence:—Lieut. Clapperton, of the R. N. a native of Annan, *one*, and we believe the only survivor, of the four individuals lately sent to explore the Central Africa, has reached Mourzook, the capital of Fezzan, on his return from the interior. In a hasty letter written to his relatives, and dated in the town mentioned on the 25th Dec. last, he states these important facts, namely that the Niger is not evapourated in the burning sands or in low swamps; that it does not flow into, and is lost in an interior lake; but that it pursues its course to, and terminates in the sea.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr Dean, Mr Noah Edwards Sackett to Miss Catherine Goodrich.

In Chelmsford, Capt. David Pulsifer, jr. of Salem, to Miss Mary C. Fletcher.

In Washington, Francis, Baron de Malitz, First Secretary of the Imperial Legation of Russia, Knight of the order of Vladimir and of St Stanislaus of Poland, &c.—to Miss Mary Lee, youngest daughter of Wm. Lee, Esq. 2d Auditor of the Treasury.

In Portsmouth, Mr Samuel Picket, of Boston, to Miss Mary Green.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Azubah Smith, of Shrewsbury Mass. aged 65. She was exemplary in the duties of life, and her memory will be long cherished by her friends and relations.

In this city, on Saturday morning, Ben. Wisner Welch, youngest child of Francis Welch, aged 21 months.

In Cambridge, on Tuesday morning, after a short illness, Mrs Mary Jackson Parsons, wife of Dr Usher P. of Providence, and oldest daughter of Rev Dr Holmes, aged 23.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

JUST published a particular account of the Battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June 1775, by a Citizen of Boston.—Price 20 cts.

LATELY PUBLISHED, an Oration delivered at Concord April the 19th 1825, by EDWARD EVERETT.—Price 37 cts.

ALSO, an address to the members of the Bar of Suffolk, Mass. at their stated meeting on the first Tuesday of March, 1824. By WILLIAM SULLIVAN. Price 37 1-2.

A second edition of Mr EVERETT'S oration delivered at Plymouth Dec. 22d 1824.—25 cts

JUST PUBLISHED, Memoirs of Josiah Quincy Jr. by his son Josiah Quincy.—1 vol. 8 vo.

CUMMINGS, HILLIARD & Co.

LITERARY GAZETTE.

THIS day published by CUMMINGS, HILLIARD & Co.

CONTENTS, No. VI.

Reviews; Schoolcraft's Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi valley—Reform in Harvard University; Origin of the Proceedings; Report of a Committee of the Board of Overseers—The Travellers, a tale.

Miscellany; A Residence in Glasgow, Dr Chalmers and Mr Irvine—Italian Lyrical Poetry, De Rossi.

Original Poetry; The Soul of Song—The Proclamation of Saladine—Address to the Moon.

Critical Notices; Westminster Review, for April, 1825—Redfield, a Long Island Tale—Poems by John Turvil Adams.

Intelligence; Subsidence of the Baltic—Say's American Entomology—Italian Novelists—Russian Wines—Travels in Greece.

List of New Publications—List of Works in Press.

ATHENEUM, No. 6—Vol. 3.

JUST Published by John Cotton, Corner of Washington and Franklin streets, The Atheneum, or spirit of the English Magizines. No. 6, for June 15, 1825.

CONTENTS.

Male Flirtation—Progress of Machinery—The Escaped Convict—American Writers—The Musical Family—Master and Man—A Visit to the Natural Bridge in Virginia, by a British Traveller—The Rapture of Beneficence—Terror and Madness—Morning Night—The Fallen Star—Ruralizing—The White Wolf—St. James Palace—Critical Reciprocity—Improvement of Gunpowder for Blasting—Improvement in Drawing Iron and Steel Wire—Ingots of Copper abtained via Humida—Germany—Swimming Soldiers—School for Scandal—Antiquities—Oriental Air—Chain Bridge.

SPARKS' THEOLOGICAL TRACTS, *No.* 10.

JUST Published Sparks' Theological Tracts, No. 10. Those who call for their numbers may receive them at the Counting Room of the Christian Register.

Subscribers in Portland will receive their numbers of Messrs. Pearson, Little & Robinson, who will receive the pay for the subscriptions of the year, commencing with No. 9.

CONTENTS.

JAMES FOSTER,
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE,
AN ESSAY ON FUNDAMENTALS IN RELIGION,
THE IMAGE OF GOD IN MAN,
ON MYSTERIES,
RULES FOR READING THE SCRIPTURES,
ON HERESY,
ON A UNIFORMITY OF BELIEF IN RELIGION,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST CONSIDERED AS A SACRIFICE,
ON THE NATURE OF A HEAVENLY CONVERSATION,
ENTHUSIASM IN RELIGION,
THE GLORY OF GOD PROMOTED BY THE MORAL RECTITUDE OF HIS CREATURES,
THE EXPEDIENCY AND BENEFITS OF A REVELATION,

N. B. Subscription price given at this office for No. 1 of this work.

Boston, June 18, 1825.

RESIGNATION.

RESIGNATION, an American Novel, by a Lady, in two volumes. The subscribers to this work are respectfully informed that their volumes may be obtained at No. 21, Milk-street. This work is for sale at the Counting room of the Christian Register, and at the Book Stores generally.

MR. WARE'S SERMONS.

JUST published at this office "DISCOURSES ON THE OFFICES AND CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST, by HENRY WARE, JR."

The object of these discourses is to give a devotional and practical view of the important subjects which they treat.—They were written in the ordinary course of the author's ministry, and have been prepared for publication, in the hope of supplying some plain and accessible work on these interesting topics. May 28, 1825.

WILLIAM BROOKS.

TENDERS his thanks to the Parents and Guardians of the Children, who have been placed under his instruction the last year, and solicits a share of the public patronage. His School is open for the reception of Masters and Misses, at No. 9, Washington-Place, Fort-Hill.

He teaches Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar; also Analysis of sentences with rules for pointing the same; also Geography, with the use of the Atlas and Globes, with a solution of problems; also History, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric, Logic, &c.

He has emyployed an instructress to teach painting on velvet and paper, and all the branches of Needle-work.

N. B. Terms reasonable, and made known at his school No. 9, Washington Place.

Boston, May 28, 1825. 3w

Miscellaneous.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The following extracts from the account of the Battle of Bunker Hill, as given in "Lionel Lincoln" will be read with interest and cannot be considered unappropriate at the present time.

As the party descended into the lower passages of the town, it appeared deserted by every thing having life, the opened windows and neglected doors betrayed the urgency of the feelings which had called the population to situations more favourable for observing the approaching contest. This appearance of intense curiosity excited the sympathies of even the old and practised soldiers; and quickening their paces, the whole soon rose from among the gloomy edifices to the open and unobstructed view from Copp's hill.

The whole scene now lay before them. Nearly in their front was the village of Charlestown, with its deserted streets, and silent roofs, looking like a place of the dead; or, if the signs of life were visible within its open avenues, 'twas merely some figure moving swiftly in the solitude, like one who hastened to the devoted spot. On the opposite point of the south-eastern face of the peninsula, and at the distance of a thousand yards, the ground was already covered by masses of human beings, in scarlet, with their arms glittering in a noon-day sun. Between the two, though in the more immediate vicinity of a silent town, the rounded ridge already described, rose abruptly from a flat that was bounded by the water, until, having attained an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, it swelled gradually to the little crest, where was planted the humble object that had occasioned all this commotion.

Far on the left, across the waters of the Charles, the American camp had poured forth its thousands to the hills; and the whole population of the country for many miles inland, had gathered to a point, to witness a struggle charged with the fate of their nation. Beacon-hill rose from out the appalling silence of the town of Boston, like a pyramid of living faces, with every eye fixed on the fatal point, and men hung along the yards of the shipping, or were suspended on cornices, cupolas, and steeples, in thoughtless security, while every other sense was lost in the absorbing interest of the sight. The vessels of war had hauled deep into the rivers, or more properly those narrow arms of the sea which formed the peninsula, and sent their iron missiles with unwearied industry across the low passage which alone opened the means of communication between the self-devoted yeoman on the hill, and their distant countrymen. While battalion landed after battalion on the point, cannon-balls from the battery of Copp's and the vessels of war, were glancing up the natural glacis that surrounded the redoubt, burying themselves in its earthen parapet, or plunging with violence into the deserted sides of the loftier height which lay a few hundred yards in its rear; and the black and smoking boombs appeared to hover above the spot, as if pausing to select the places in which to plant their deadly combustibles.

Notwithstanding these appalling preparations, and ceaseless annoyances, throughout that long and anxious morning, the stout husbandmen on the hill had never ceased their steady efforts to maintain to the uttermost extremity, the post they had so daringly assumed. In vain the English exhausted every means to disturb their stubborn foes; the pick, the shovel, and the spade continued to perform their offices, and mound rose after mound, amidst the din and danger of the canonade, steadily, as well as if the labourers were employed in the peaceful pursuits of their ordinary lives. This firmness, however, was not like the proud front which high training can impart to the most common mind; for ignorant of the glare of military show; in the simple and rude vestments of their calling; armed with such weapons as they had seized from the hooks above their own mantels; and without even a banner to wave its cheering folds above their heads, they stood, sustained only by the righteousness of their cause, and those deep moral principles which they received from their fathers, and which they intended this day should show, were to be transmitted untarnished to their children. It was afterwards known that they endured their labours and their dangers even in want of that sustenance which is so essential to support animal spirits in moments of calmness and ease; while their enemies, on the point, awaiting the arrival of their latest bands, were securely devouring a meal, which to hundreds amongst them proved to be their last. The fatal instant now seemed approaching. A general movement was seen among the battalions of the British, who began to spread along the shore, under cover of the brow of the hill—the lingering boats having arrived with the rear of their detachments—and officers hurried from regiment to regiment with the final mandates of their chief. At this moment a body of Americans appeared on the crown of Bunker-hill, and descending swiftly by the road, disappeared in the meadows to the left of their own redoubt. This band was followed by others, who like themselves, had broken through the dangers of the narrow pass, by braving the fire of the shipping, and who also hurried to join their comrades on the low land. The British General determined at once to anticipate the arrival of further reinforcements, and gave forth the long expected order to prepare for the attack.

The Americans had made a show, in the course of that fearful morning, of returning the fire of their enemies, by throwing a few shot from their light field-pieces, as if in mockery of the tremendous cannonade which they sustained. But as the moment of severest trial approached, the same awful stillness which had settled upon the deserted streets of Charlestown hovered around the redoubt. On the meadows, to its left, the recently arrived bands hastily threw the rails of two fences into one, and covering the whole with the mown grass that surrounded them, they posted themselves along the frail defence, which answered no better purpose than to conceal their weakness from their adversaries. Behind this characteristic rampart, several bodies of husbandmen from the neighbouring provinces of New-Hampshire and Connecticut, lay on their arms, in sullen expectation. Their line extended from the shore to the base of the ridge, where it terminated several hundred feet behind the works; leaving a wide opening in a diagonal direction, between the fence and an earthen breast-work, which ran a short distance down the declivity of the hill, from the north-eastern angle of the redoubt. A few hundred yards in the rear of this rude disposition, the naked crest of Bunker-hill rose unoccupied and undefended, and the streams of the Charles and the Mystick sweeping around its base, approached so near each other as to blend the sounds of their rippling. It was across this low and narrow isthmus, that the royal frigates poured a stream of fire, that never ceased, while around it hovered the numerous parties of the undisciplined Americans, hesitating to attempt the dangerous passage.

In this manner Gage had in a great degree, surrounded the devoted peninsula with his power; and the bold men who had so daringly planted themselves under the muzzles of his cannon, were left, as already stated, unsupported, without nourishment, and with weapons from their own gun-hooks, singly to maintain the honor of their nation. Including men of all ages and conditions, there might have been two thousand of them; but as the day advanced, small bodies of their countrymen, taking counsel of their feelings, and animated by the example of the old Partisan of the Woods, who crossed and re-crossed the neck, loudly scoffing at the danger, broke through the fire of the shipping in time to join in the closing and bloody business of the hour.

On the other hand, Howe led more than an equal number of the chosen troops of his Prince; and as boats continued to ply between the two peninsulas throughout the afternoon, the relative disparity continued undiminished to the end of the struggle. It was at this point in our narrative that, deeming himself sufficiently strong to force the defences of his despised foes, the arrangements immediately preparatory to such an undertaking were made in full view of the excited spectators. Notwithstanding the security with which the English General marshalled his warriors, he felt that the approaching contest would be a battle of no common incidents. The eye of tens of thousands were fastened on his movements, and the occasion demanded the richest display of the pageantry of war.

The troops formed with beautiful accuracy, and the columns moved steadily along the shore, and took their assigned stations under cover of the brow of the eminence. Their force was in some measure divided; one moiety attempting the toilsome ascent of the hill, and the other moving along the beach, or in the orchards of the more level ground, towards the husbandmen on the meadows.

The young and thoughtless in their ranks turned their faces backward, and smiled exultingly, as they beheld steeples, roofs, masts and heights, teeming with their thousands of eyes, bent on the show of their bright array. As the British lines moved in open view of the little redoubt, and began slowly to gather around its different faces, gun after gun became silent, and the curious artillerist, or tired seamen, lay extended on his heated piece, gazing in mute wonder at the spectacle. There was just then a minute when the roar of the cannonade seemed passing away like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"They will not fight, Lincoln," said the animated leader at the side of Lionel—"the military front of Howe has chilled the hearts of the knaves, and our victory will be bloodless!"

"We shall see, sir—we shall see!"

These words were barely uttered, when platoon after platoon, among the British, delivered its fire, the blaze of musketry flashed swiftly around the brow of the hill, and was immediately followed by heavy volleys that ascended from the orchard. Still no answering sound was heard from the Americans, and the royal troops were soon lost to the eye as they slowly marched into the white cloud which their own fire had alone created.

"They are cowed, by heavens—the dogs are cowed!" once more cried the gay companion of Lionel, "and Howe is within two hundred feet of them, unharmed;"

At this instant a sheet of flame glanced through the smoke, like lightning playing in a cloud, while at one report a thousand muskets were added to the uproar. It was not altogether fancy which led Lionel to imagine that he saw the smoky canopy of the hill to wave as if the trained warriors it enveloped faltered before this close and appalling discharge; but in another instant, the stimulating war-cry, and the loud shouts of the combatants were borne across the strait to his ears, even amid the horrid din of the combat. Ten breathless minutes flew by like a moment of time, and the bewildered spectators on Copp's were still gazing intently on the scene, when a voice was raised among them, shouting—

"Hurrah! let the rake-hellies go up to Breed's; the people will teach them the law!"

"Throw the rebel scoundrel from the hill; Blow him from the muzzle of a gun!" cried twenty soldiers in a breath.

But the angry and savage murmurs as quickly subsided, and were lost in other feelings, as the bright red lines of the royal troops were seen issuing from the smoke, waving and recoiling before the still vivid fire of their enemies.

"Ha!" said Burgoyne—"'tis some feint to draw the rebels from their hold!"

"'Tis a palpable and disgraceful retreat!" muttered the stern warrior nigh him, whose truer eye detected at a glance the discomfiture of the assailants—"'Tis another base retreat before the rebels!"

The smoky veil which clung around the brow of the eminence, was lifted by the air, and sailed heavily away to the south-west, leaving the scene of the bloody struggle again open to the view. Lionel witnessed the grave and meaning glances which the two lieutenants of the king exchanged as they simultaneously turned their glasses from the fatal spot and taking the one proffered by Burgoyne, he read their explanation in the numbers of the dead that lay profusely scattered in front of the redoubt. At this instant, an officer from the field held an earnest communication with the two leaders, when, having delivered his orders, he hastened back to his boat, like one who felt himself employed in matters of life and death.

"It shall be done sir," repeated Clinton, as the other departed, his own honest brow sternly knit under high martial excitement. The artillery have their orders, and the work will be accomplished without delay."

"This, Major Lincoln!" cried his more sophisticated companion, "this is one of the trying duties of the soldier! To fight, to bleed, or even to die, for his prince, is his happy privilege; but it is sometimes his unfortunate lot to become the instrument of vengeance."

"Lionel waited for a moment for an explanation—the flaming balls were soon seen taking their wide circuit in the air, and carrying their desolation among the close and inflamable roofs of the opposite town. In a very few minutes a dense, black smoke arose from the deserted buildings, and forked flames played actively along the heated shingles, as though rioting in their unmolested possession of the place. He regarded the gathering destruction in painful silence, and on bending his looks towards his companions, he fancied, notwithstanding the language of the other, that he read the deepest regret in the averted eye of him who had so unhesitatingly uttered the fatal mandate to destroy.

In scenes like these we are attempting to describe, hours appear to be minutes, and time flies, as imperceptibly as life slides from beneath the feet of age. The disordered bands of the British had been arrested at the base of the hill, and were again forming under the eyes of their leaders, with admirable discipline, and extraordinary care. Fresh battalions, from Boston, marched with high military pride into the line, and every thing betokened that a second assault was at hand. When the moment of stupid amazement which succeeded the retreat of the royal troops had passed, the troops and batteries poured out their wrath with ten fold fury on their enemies. Shot were incessantly glancing up the gentle acclivity, madly ploughing accross its grassy surface, while black and threating sheils appeared to hover above the work like monsters of the air, about to stoop upon their prey.

Still all lay quiet and immoveable within the low mounds of earth, as if none there had a stake in the issues of the bloody day. For a few moments only, the tall figure of an aged man was seen slowly moving along at the summit of the rampart, calmly regarding the dispositions of the English general in the more distant part of his line, and after exchanging a few words with a gentleman who joined him in his dangerous lookout, they disappeared together behind the grassy banks. Lionel soon detected the name of Prescott of Pepperell, passing through the crowd in low murmurs, and his glass did not deceive him when he thought, in the smaller of the two, he had himself descried the graceful person of the unknown leader of the 'caucus.'

All eyes were now watching the advance of the battalions, which once more drew nigh the contest.

The right of the British once more disappeared in the orchard, and the columns in front of the redoubt again opened with all the imposing exactness of their high discipline. Their arms were already glittering in a line with the green faces of the mound, and Lionel heard the experienced warrior at his side, murmuring to himself—

"Let him hold his fire, and he will go in at the point of the bayonet;"

But the trial was too great for even the practised courage of the royal troops. Volley succeeded volley, and in a few moments they had again curtained their ranks behind the misty skreen produced by their own fire. Then came the terrible flash from the redoubt, and the eddying volumes from the adverse hosts rolled into one cloud, enveloping the combatants in its fold, as if to conceal their bloody work from the spectators. Twenty times in the short space of as many minutes, Major Lincoln fancied he heard the incessant roll of the American musketry die away before the heavy and regular volleys of the troops, and then he thought the sounds of the latter grew more faint, and were given at longer intervals.

The result, however, was soon known. The heavy bank of smoke which now even clung along the ground, was broken in fifty places, and the disordered masses of the British were seen driven before their deliberate foes, in wild confusion. The flashing swords of the officers in vain attempted to arrest the torrent, nor did the flight cease with many of the regiments until they had even reached their boats. At this moment a hum was heard in Boston like the sudden rush of wind, and men gazed in each others faces with undisguised amazement. Here and there a low sound of exultation escaped some unguarded lip, and many an eye gleamed with a triumph that could no longer be suppressed. Until this moment the feelings of Lionel had vacillated between the pride of country and his military spirit, but losing all other feelings in the latter sensation, he now looked fiercely about him, as if he would seek the man who dare exult in the repulse of his comrades. The poetic chieftain was still at his side, biting his nether lip in vexation; but his more tried companion had suddenly disappeared. Another quick glance fell upon his missing form in the act of entering a boat at the foot of the hill. Quicker than thought, Lionel was on the shore crying as he flew to the waters edge—

"Hold! for God's sake hold! remember the 47th is in the field and I am its Major!"

"Receive him," said Clinton, with that grim satisfaction with which men acknowledge a valued friend in moments of great trial; "and then row for your lives, or what is of more value, for the honour of the British name."

The brain of Lionel whirled as the boat shot along its watery bed, but before it had gained the middle of the stream he had time to consider the whole of the appalling scene. The fire had spread from house to house, and the whole village of Charlestown, with its four hundred buildings, was just bursting into flames. The air seemed filled with whistling balls, as they hurtled above his head and the black sides of the vessels of war were vomiting their sheets of flame with unwearied industry. Amid this tumult the English General and his companions sprung to land. The former rushed into the disordered ranks, and by his presence and voice recalled the men of one regiment to their duty. But long and loud appeals to their spirit and their ancient fame were necessary to restore a moiety of their former confidence to men who had been thus rudely repulsed, and who now looked along their thinned and exhausted ranks, missing in many instances more than half the well-known countenances of their fellows. In the midst of the faltering troops stood their stern and unbending chief; but of all those gay and gallant youths who followed in his train as he had departed from Province-house that morning, not one remained, but in his blood. He alone seemed undisturbed in that disordered crowd; and his mandates went forth as usual, calm and determined.—At length the panic, in some degree subsided, and order was once more restored as the high-spirited and mortified gentlemen of the detachment regained their lost authority.

The leaders consulted together, apart, and the dispositions were immediately renewed for the assault. Military show was no longer affected, but the soldiers laid down all the useless implements of their trade, and many even cast aside their outer garments, under the warmth of a broiling sun, added to the heat of the conflagration which began to diffuse itself along the extremity of the peninsula. Fresh companies were placed in the columns, and most of the troops were withdrawn from the meadows, leaving merely a few skirmishers to amuse the Americans who lay behind the fence. When each disposition was completed, the final signal was given to advance.

Lionel had taken post in his regiment, but marching on the skirt of the column, he commanded a view of most of the scene of battle. In his front moved a battalion, reduced to a handful of men in the previous assaults. Behind these came a party of the marine guards, from the shipping led by their own veteran Major; and next followed the dejected Nesbitt and his corps, amongst whom Lionel looked in vain for the features of the good-natured Polwarth. Similar columns marched on their right and left, encircling three sides of the redoubt by their battalions.

A few minutes brought him in full view of that humble and unfinished mound of earth, for the possession of which so much blood had that day been spilt in vain. It lay, as before, still as if none breathed within its bosom, though a terrific row of dark tubes were arrayed along its top, following the movements of the approaching columns, as the eyes of the imaginary charmers of our own wilderness are said to watch their victims. As the uproar of the artillery again grew fainter, the crash of falling streets, and the appalling sounds of the conflagration, on their left became more audible. Immense volumes of black smoke issued from the smouldering ruins, and bellying outward, fold beyond fold, it overhung the work in a hideous cloud, casting its gloomy shadow across the place of blood.

A strong column was now seen ascending, as if from out the burning town, and the advance of the whole became quick and spirited. A low call ran through the platoons, to note the naked weapons of their adversaries, and it was followed by the cry of "to the bayonet! to the bayonet"

"Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!" shouted M'Fuse, at the head of the dark column from the conflagration.

"Hurrah!" echoed a well-known voice from the silent mound; "let them come on to Breed's; the people will teach 'em the law!"

Men think at such moments with the rapidity of lightning, and Lionel had even fancied his comrades in possession of the work, when the terrible stream of fire flashed in the faces of the men in front.

"Push on with the —th," cried the veteran Major of marines—"push on, or the 17th will get the honor of the day!"

"We cannot," murmured the soldiers of the —th; "their fire is too heavy!"

"Then break, and let the marines pass thro' you."

The feeble battalion melted away, and the warriors of the deep, trained to conflicts of hand to hand, sprang forward, with a loud shout, in their places. The Americans, exhausted of their ammunition, now sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at their foes, in desperate indignation. The cannon of the British had been brought to enfilade their short breast work, which was no longer tenable and as the columns approached closer to the low rampart, it became a mutual protection to the adverse parties.

"Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!" again shouted M'Fuse, rushing up the trifling ascent, which was but of little more than his own height.

"Hurrah!" repeated Pitcairn, waving his sword on another angle of the work, "the day's our own!"

One more sheet of flame issued out of the bosom of the work, and all those brave men, who had emulated the examples of their officers, were swept away, as though a whirlwind had passed along. The grenadier gave his war-cry once more before he pitched headlong among his enemies; while Pitcairn fell back into the arms of his own child. The cry of 'forward, 47th,' rung through their ranks, and in their turn this veteran battalion gallantly mounted the ramparts. In the shallow ditch Lionel passed the dying marine, and caught the dying and despairing look from his eyes, and in another instant he found himself in the presence of his foes. As company followed company into the defenceless redoubt, the the Americans sullenly retired by its rear, keeping the bayonets of the soldiers at bay with the clubbed muskets and sinewy arms. When the whole issued upon the open ground, the husbandmen received a close and fatal fire from the battalions which were now gathered around them on the three sides. A scene of wild and savage confusion then succeeded to the order of the fight, and many fatal blows were given and taken, the melee rendering the use of fire-arms nearly impossible for several minutes.

Lionel continued in advance, pressing on the footsteps of the retiring foe, stepping o'er many a lifeless body in his difficult progress. Notwithstanding this hurry, and vast disorder of the fray, his eye fell on the form of the graceful stranger, stretched lifeless on the parched grass, which had greedily drank his blood. Amid the ferocious cries, and fiercer passions of the moment, the young man paused, and glanced his eyes around him with an expression that said, he thought the work of death should cease. At this instant the trappings of his attire caught the eye-balls of a dying yeoman, who exerted his wasting strength to sacrifice one more worthy victim to the manes of his countrymen. The whole of the tumultuous scene vanished from the senses of Lionel at the flash of the musket of this man, and he sunk between the feet of the combatants, insensable of further triumph, and of every danger.

The fall of a single officer, in such a contest, was a circumstance not to be regarded, and regiments passed over him, without a single man stooping to enquire into his fate. When the Amercans had disengaged themselves from the troops, they decended into the little hollow between the two hills, swiftly, and like a disordered crowd, bearing off most of their wounded, and leaving but few prisoners in the hands of the foes. The formation of the ground favoured their retreat, as hundreds of bullets whistled harmlessly above their heads; and by the time they gained the acclivity of Bunker's, distance was added to their security. Finding the field lost, the soldiers at the fence broke away in a body from their position, and abandoned the meadows; the whole moving in confused masses behind the crest of the adjacent height. The shouting soldiery followed in their footsteps, pouring in fruitless and distant volleys; but on the summit of Bunker their tired platoons were halted, and they beheld the throng move fearlessly through the tremendous fire that enfiladed the low pass, as little injured as though most of them bore charmed lives.

The day was now drawing to a close. With the disappearance of their enemies, the ships and batteries ceased their cannonade, and presently not a musket was heard in that place where so fierce a contest had so long raged. The troops commenced fortifying the outward eminence on which they rested, in order to maintain their barren conquest, and nothing further remained for the achievement of the royal lieutenants but to go and mourn over their victory.